

MORE PAGES OF YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTER

SEPT. NO. 44

LASH LARUE

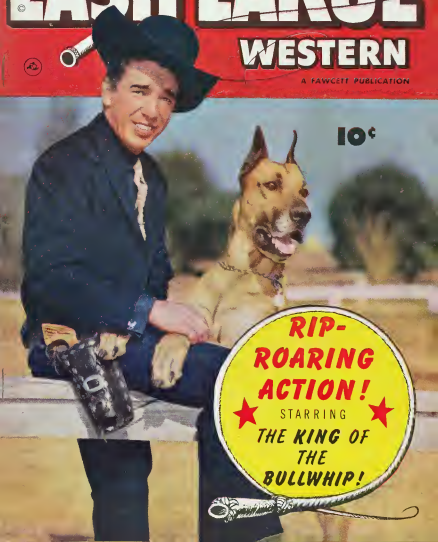
WESTERN

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢

**RIP-
ROARING
ACTION!**

★ STARRING ★
**THE KING OF
THE
BULLWHIP!**





MY PARD, MY HORSE

By R. R. Symes



THE SHERIFF and his possemen were deployed in a semi-circle on the high rocky ground looking down toward the old stone barn beside the river. Blazing guns made a noise like a string of firecrackers going off on the Fourth of July. Bullets whined as they ricocheted off the stone walls of the barn. Flashes of pistol fire came from the old barn windows and slugs bounced off the boulders behind which the lawmen had taken shelter.

The racket lasted for perhaps five minutes and then Sheriff Jake Zanger ordered, "Hold your fire, boys. That building's like a fort. If we want 'em we'll have to go in and get 'em!"

No doubt the notorious Briggs brothers had realized the fort-like qualities of the square building when they chose it to make their stand. Stone had been more plentiful than timber in that part of the valley and the barn had been built many years before with solid walls two feet thick. No doubt the place had served also as a shelter against Indian raids in that earlier day.

Inside, the four Briggs brothers alertly guarded the four walls. Ruff Briggs, oldest of the desperadoes and their leader, chuckled when the lawmen ceased firing. "Save your lead, boys. The tin badge boys are giving up!"

"They still got us surrounded and trapped like rats," grumbled Kid Briggs, youngest of the four.

"Sure, but they can't come after us. Not if we keep our eyes peeled."

"Well, we can't stay in here forever. No food, no water. What do we do when we get hungry or thirsty?"

"Kid, sometimes I think you're not very bright," retorted Ruff. "Nobody said anything about staying here forever. Comes nightfall, we all slide out of the window into the river. We swim under water and then slide into the

woods on yonder bank. The lawmen can't stop us if they can't see us."

Sheriff Jake Zanger, too, was aware that nightfall would increase the chances of the bandits to escape. "We've got to get 'em before dark and that's a fact!" he declared.

"But how?" asked one of the deputies. "It'd be suicide for any one of us to try to run up there and get inside that barn. There's no cover at all. They'd pick us off like ducks!"

"I know that," said the sheriff. "But there's an old trick the Indians used to use against block houses, and it ought to work here. We'll make a bow and arrow. Then we'll tie some rags around the arrow and soak them in lantern oil. A flaming arrow landing on that shingle roof ought to start a real good fire in a hurry!"

"Please, Sheriff! Not that!" exclaimed Sam Wellington, who owned the old barn.

Sheriff Zanger turned to the owner and said, "Well, Sam, I sure hate to burn down your barn. But those hombres are killers and if we don't get them, they're sure to murder a lot more folks. Besides, a fire won't hurt those stone walls any, and all us folks will pitch in afterward and help you build new stalls and a new roof. We'll fix her up better than ever."

"Blast it, Sheriff, I don't give a hoot about the barn!" exclaimed Sam Wellington. "I'd sacrifice a heap more than that to catch those killers. But Black Dash is in that building. He's a lot more than just a horse to me, Jake. He's been my real pard all these years. I don't want good old Black Dash to get burned up."

Sheriff Zanger frowned thoughtfully. "I understand your feelings, Sam. I sure wouldn't want to hurt that horse. But likely he wouldn't get hurt. When the roof catches fire and those Briggs brothers come piling out, likely he'll come piling right out with 'em."

(Continued on inside back cover)

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • THE MARVEL FAMILY • LASH LaRUE WESTERN • FUNNY ANIMALS • BATTLE STORIES
ROCKY LANE WESTERN • MOFALONG CASSIDY • SIX-GUN HEROES • TEX BITTER WESTERN • SOLDIER COMICS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

LASH **LaRUE**
in
The BUFFALO'S TOOTH

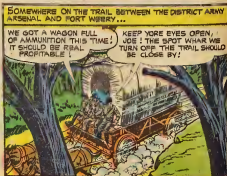
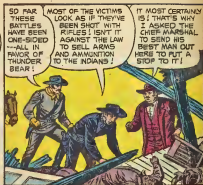
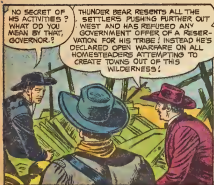
AS YOU CAN SEE, LASH, THIS TOWN HAS NOT ONLY BEEN WRECKED, BUT ALL THE INHABITANTS HAVE BEEN WIPE OUT!

IT WAS A MASSACRE! THUNDER BEAR AND HIS TRIBE OF MURDEROUS REDSKINS CAUGHT THE TOWNFOLKS UNAWARES! BEFORE THEY KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON, IT WAS ALL OVER! THE SAME THING HAS HAPPENED IN EVERY TOWN THAT THUNDER BEAR HAS ATTACKED!

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE, CAPTAIN DEVONS, THAT IT WAS THUNDER BEAR?

THAT'S NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT, LASH! THE HEADGEAR ON THAT DEAD INJUN PROVES IT!

NOT ONLY THAT, LASH, BUT THUNDER BEAR HAS MADE NO SECRET OF HIS ACTIVITIES --- ONLY OF HIS HIDE-OUT!



DON'T FRET, TEX, I MADE THIS DETOUR ENOUGH TIMES TO KNOW IT IN MY SLEEP!



HYAR, WE GO!



SHORTLY AFTER ...

I SEE YUH HOMBRÉS ARE RIGHT ON TIME!

AND SO ARE YUH, HAYTON! I RECKON WE'RE BOTH ANXIOUS TO MAKE THIS DEAL!



OKAY, MEN, START OPENING UP THE CRATES AND TRANS-PLANTING THE AMMUNITION INTO HAYTON'S EMPTY POTATO SACKS AND BARRELS!

WHEER! WHAT A LOAD! I'LL BUY ALL OF IT IF YORE WILLING!



NO, THANKS! WE'RE PLAYING IT SAFE, HAYTON! YUH CAN HAVE JUST HALF! IN THAT WAY THAR'S NO CHANCE OF ANYONE DISCOVERING WHAT'S GOING ON!

AT LEAST NOT FER A LONG TIME! AND BY THEN THAR'S A GOOD CHANCE WE WON'T BE STATIONED AT FORT WEERY ANY LONGER SO NO ONE WILL CONNECT US WITH IT!



WHATEVER YUH SAY!

DON'T FORGET, MEN, FILL THE EMPTY CRATES WITH ROCKS AND NAIL THEM UP TIGHT AGAIN!

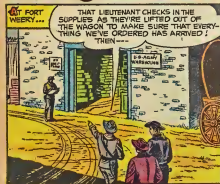
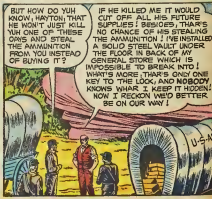
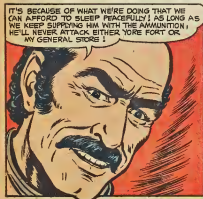


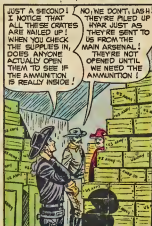
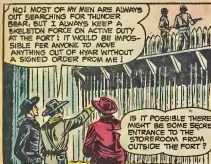
AND IN A SHORT WHILE ...

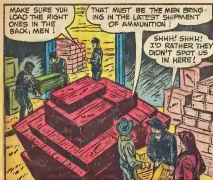
OKAY, TEX! HYAR'S YORE MONEY! NOW WHEN CAN I EXPECT SOME MORE?

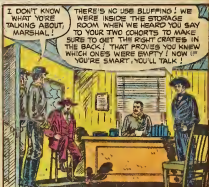
I'M NOT SURE, HAYTON, BUT THE NEXT TIME THE CAPTAIN SENDS US TO PICK UP A NEW SHIPMENT OF AMMUNITION, WE'LL LET YUH KNOW BEFORE WE LEAVE TOWN!

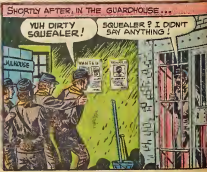


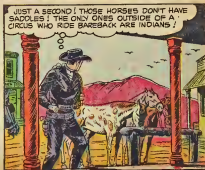
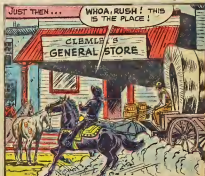
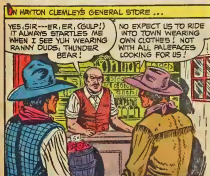


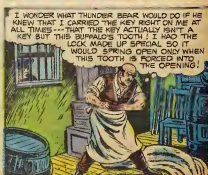
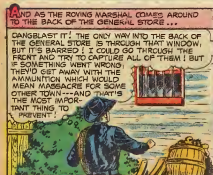
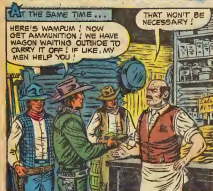


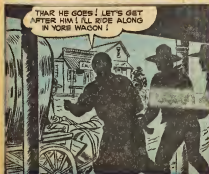












SHORTLY AFTER...

THERE'S NO ONE AROUND!
I RECKON WE GAVE THEM
THE SLIP!



SUDDENLY... (GULP!) SOME
OF THEM ARE
AFRAID OF US! THEY MUST HAVE
TAKEN SOME SHORT-CUT! WE'VE
GOT TO GO BACK!



THEY'VE GOT US SURROUNDED! I'VE GOT
TO GET RID OF THE KEY IN CASE THEY
CATCH ME AND START SEARCHING
FOR IT!



THAT BULLWHIP MAKES
ME THINK THAT HOMBRE'S
THE ROVING MARSHAL,
LASH LARUE!



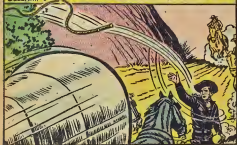
IT NO MATTER! IF HE AIM
BULLWHIP AT US, THUNDER
BEAR CLOSE IN ON HIM
FROM BEHIND! AND IF HE
AIM BULLWHIP AT THEM, WE
CATCH HIM!

BUT FOR ONCE THE KING OF THE BULLWHIP SEEMS
TO HAVE LOST HIS AIM COMPLETELY!



HE MISSED US!
NOW WE BOTH
CAN CLOSE IN
ON HIM!

NOT ONLY HAS LASH LARUE MISSED HIS TARGET, BUT FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE HE LOSES HIS GRIP ON THE
BULLWHIP!



AND THE BULLWHIP WRAPS ITSELF
AROUND THE LIMB OF A TREE!



THAT'S IT, MEN! GRAB HIM BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO TAKE COVER!



THE RAGING MARSHAL PUTS UP A VALIANT BATTLE ...



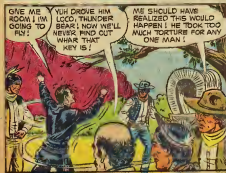
BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO OVERPOWERING!

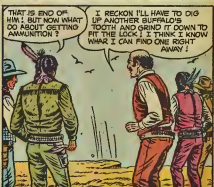


BUT AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH ...









WAS THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE, REALLY DRIVEN CRAZY? DID HE KILL HIMSELF BY FLYING OFF THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF?



IF I HADN'T THOUGHT OF ACTING CRAZY, I REALLY WOULD HAVE BEEN CRAZY IN ANOTHER SHORT WHILE!



HAYTON AND THOSE INDIANS PROBABLY WENT BACK TO MAKE A DUPLICATE KEY! I RECKON I'D BETTER FIND RUSH AND GET TO THE FORT SO I CAN ROUND UP SOME HELP BEFORE THEY GET THAT VAULT OPEN!



SHORTLY AFTER...

LET'S GO, RUSH!



LATER...

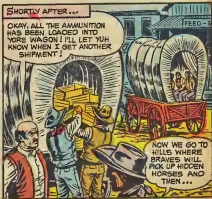
I RECKON THIS'LL DO IT! YUH CAN SEND FOR YORE MEN!

WE LOSE MUCH TIME ALREADY! ME THINK WILL ORDER ALL MEN TO MEET ME HERE SO CAN PICK UP AMMUNITION AND HEAD FOR RAVEN GULCH PRONTO! THAT IS NEXT TOWN TO BE MASSACRED!

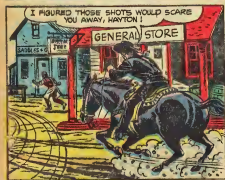
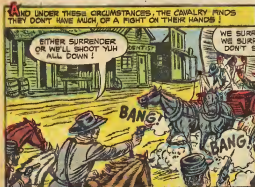


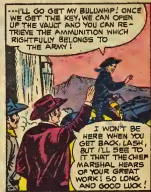
SHORTLY AFTER...

OKAY, ALL THE AMMUNITION HAS BEEN LOADED INTO YORE WAGON! I'LL LET YUH KNOW WHEN I GET ANOTHER SHIPMENT!



NOW WE GO TO HILLS WHERE BRAVES WILL PICK UP HIDDEN HORSES AND THEN...





POLIO PRECAUTIONS

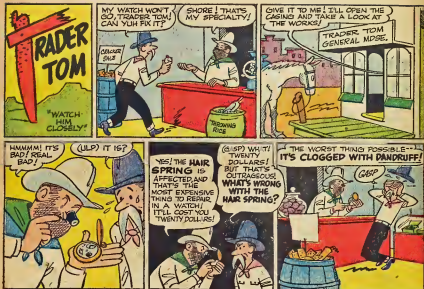
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A FEW MONTHS AGO A WHOLE GANG OF US GOT AIR GUNS, BUT WE HAD THE SAME PROBLEM AS YOU, SO WE STARTED A CLUB WITH A CONSTITUTION AND OFFICERS AND EVERYTHING!



THEN WE SET UP OUR OWN TARGET RANGE AND GOT A COUPLE OF DADS TO ACT AS INSTRUCTORS FOR US!



BEFORE LONG WE HAD ALL LEARNED TO SHOOT AND THEN WE STARTED REAL COMPETITIVE MATCHES WITH PRIZES AND ALL! IT WAS LOTS OF FUN!

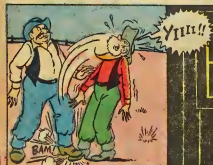
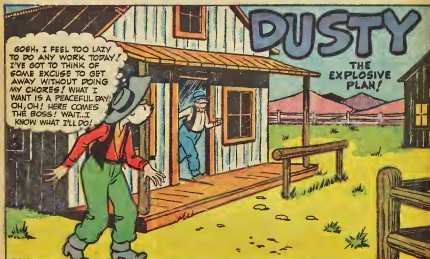


SAY, THAT SOUNDS REAL GREAT, TOM! I'D LIKE TO JOIN!



WHY DON'T YOU GET IN ON THE FUN, TOO, KIDS? START A JUNIOR AIR RIFLE CLUB IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD! FOR FULL FREE DETAILS, WRITE TO:
**JUNIOR SAFETY INSTITUTE, SUITE 100-A
 230 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE,
 CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS!**





NOW STOP THINKING OF WAYS TO GET OUT OF DOING YORE WORK, OR YUH'LL BE OUT OF A JOB!

(ULP)



POGGONE IT! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE! I JUST DON'T FEEL IN THE MOOD TO WORK TODAY! WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'LL VAMOOSE TO THAT OLD DESERTED SHACK ABOUT A QUARTER MILE FROM THE SPREAD AND COP A SNOOZE ALL AFTERNOON!



THEN I'LL COME BACK IN TIME FER DINNER AND TELL THE BOSS SOME SIDEWINDERS DRYGULCHED AND KIDNAPPED ME! I'LL SAY THEY HELD ME IN CAPTIVITY UNTIL THEY DISCOVERED I WASN'T THE HOMRE THEY WERE AFTER AND THEN THEY LET ME GO!



I'LL MESS UP MY CLOTHES SO IT WILL LOOK AS IF I'M TELLING THE TRUTH AND THE BOSS WILL NEVER KNOW I LOAFED ALL AFTERNOON! AS SOON AS I GET A CHANCE, I'LL SNEAK AWAY!



SHORTLY AFTER...

I GOT AWAY WITHOUT BEING SEEN! NOW I'LL GO INSIDE, TAKE A NICE NAP, AND THEN GO BACK TO THE SPREAD IN TIME FER CHOW!



MAYBE I OUGHT TO ROLL ON THE GROUND NOW TO MAKE MYSELF LOOK AS THOUGH I'VE BEEN BEAT UP! I MIGHT FORGET LATER!



I'LL JUST RUMPLE MY CLOTHES AND DIRTY MYSELF UP ENOUGH SO THE BOSS WILL BELIEVE ME!



OUCH! WHAT THE...(GROAN!) I ROLLED ON AN OLD RAKE HIDDEN IN THE GRASS!

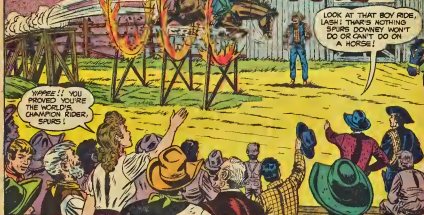






Lash LARUE

in **The RIDING FOOL**



LOOK AT THAT BOY RIDE, LASH! THAT'S NOTHING SPURS DOWNNEY WON'T DO OR CAN'T DO ON A HORSE!

THAT'S RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING THE NEW WORLD'S CHAMPION RODEO RIDER, SPURS DOWNNEY, WON'T DO OR CAN'T DO ON A HORSE! BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, AS THE ROVING MARSHAL LASH LARUE DISCOVERS, THERE'S ALSO NOTHING THAT A MYSTERIOUS ENEMY OF THE NEW CHAMP WILL STOP AT TO PUT A FINISH TO SPURS' ACT---AND TO SPURS!

ON THE OFFICE OF TOM HUGGINS, OWNER OF THE WILD WEST RODEO SHOW...



IS THAT HEADLINE THE REASON YOU ASKED THE CHIEF MARSHAL TO SEND OVER ONE OF HIS MEN, MR. HUGGINS?

YES, LASH! NOT ONLY DO I LIKE SPURS DOWNNEY PERSONALLY, BUT HE'S THE BEST ATTRACTION MY RODEO HAS EVER HAD AND I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES OF ANYTHING HAPPENING TO HIM!





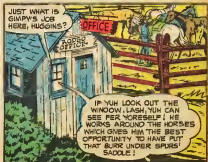
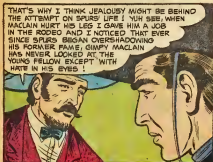
ON THE BASIS OF FACTS, NO, LASH! BUT I CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY MIND THAT JEALOUSY MIGHT BE BEHIND IT ALL!



OF COURSE! HE WAS THE WORLD'S CHAMPION RODEO RIDER MANY YEARS AGO, WASN'T HE?



FROM WHAT I'VE READ, ALL THE EXPERTS SAY SPURS IS A BETTER RIDER THAN MACLAIN EVER WAS!



IF YUH LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, LASH, YUH CAN SEE FER YORESELF! HE WORKS AROUND THE HORSES WHICH GIVES HIM THE BEST OPPORTUNITY TO HAVE PUT THAT BURR UNDER SPURS' SADDLE!



IF HE'S GUILTY, A TALK WOULD ONLY PUT HIM ON HIS GUARD! I THINK IT WOULD BE WISER TO SAY NOTHING AND JUST KEEP AN EYE ON HIM FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS! IF GIMPY'S UP TO ANYTHING, HE'LL PUT HIS OWN NECK IN A NOOSE.

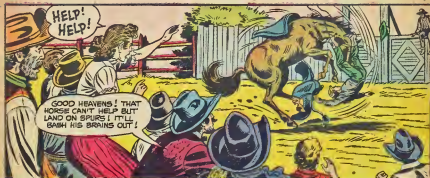


I NEVER DID SEE HIM RIDE! I'D LIKE THAT VERY MUCH!



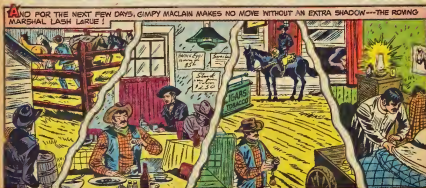
NOW WHAT?

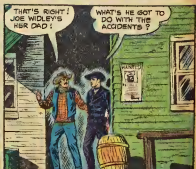
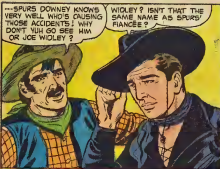
HELP! HELP!



BUT THE EVER-ALERT KING OF THE BULLWHIP SPRINGS INTO ACTION!









BUT EVEN THOUGH HE WAS CAUGHT OFF HIS GUARD, LASH LARUE IS AS HANDY WITH HIS FISTS AS HE IS WITH HIS SIX-SHOOTER AND THE BULDNIP!



WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO HELP HIM ESCAPE? DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT HE'S THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE MYSTERIOUS ACCIDENTS?

SURE (GROAN) BUT HE'S STILL THE FATHER OF THE GIRL I AM TO MARRY, AND IF HE GOES TO JAIL, IT'LL BREAK IRENE'S HEART!



I RECKON I'VE BEEN WRONG ABOUT YUH, SPURS! IF YOU'RE STILL TRYING TO HELP ME AFTER WHAT I'VE DONE TO YUH, YUH MUST BE OKAY!

DO YUH HAVE TO LOCK HIM UP, LASH?



THEN FORGET IT! I RECKON HE'S LEARNED A LESSON!

I SURE DID! MY DAUGHTER'S A BETTER JUDGE OF CHARACTER THAN I'VE BEEN, AND TO PROVE IT I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM THE BIGGEST AND FANCIEST WEDDING EVER HELD IN THESE PARTS!



SOME TIME LATER...

IT'S A FUNNY THING! EVER SINCE SPURS ASKED ME TO BE HIS BEST MAN, I'M NO LONGER THE SLIGHTEST BIT JEALOUS TOWARDS HIM! IN FACT, I ALMOST FEEL LIKE ONE OF HIS KIN! AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE HIM GO ON AND BECOME THE GREATEST RIDER WHO'S EVER LIVED!

NOW YOU SOUND LIKE A REAL SPORTSMAN, GIMPY!



NOW I RECKON WE'D BETTER BE ON OUR WAY, RUSH! EVERYTHING'S NICE AND PEACEFUL HERE SO THEY DON'T NEED THE SERVICES OF A ROVING MARSHAL ANY LONGER!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF LASH LARUE IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE AND ALSO IN SIX-GUN HEROES ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND - ONLY 10¢

My Pard, My Horse

(Continued from inside front cover)

"Not likely at all," retorted Sam, glumly. "You know how horses panic in a fire—even the best horses. They run right for their stall because they think that's a safe place."

"Reckon you're right at that," said the sheriff, stroking his chin. "But by Thunder we've got to get those killers, horse or no horse, and I aim to fire that barn unless you've got a better plan."

Sam's eyes wandered to a barrel standing by the toolshed near his house. On the barrel was printed in big red letters, "Danger Gunpowder."

"Hang it," he said, "I'd rather blow old Black Dash up than burn him up. At least, that way he wouldn't suffer any and . . ."

He paused, snapped his fingers and exclaimed, "That's it, Jake! That's the idea!"

Sam whispered excitedly while the lawman listened, frowning. "I dunno," said the sheriff. "It's mighty risky."

"You've got to do it, Jake," Sam pleaded. "It's the only way!"

Inside the barn, Kid Briggs cried out in alarm, "Hey, Ruff. Look what they're doing up there. They're aiming to blow us to kingdom come!"

"What?" exclaimed Ruff, cautiously approaching the window.

Peering cautiously he looked up the grade and saw the sheriff and his deputies rolling a wagon slowly. On the wagon was a big barrel labeled, "Danger Gunpowder."

"Let's gun 'em down!" cried the Kid excitedly.

"Hold your fire," growled Ruff. "They're out of pistol range."

"Let's give up, then!" exclaimed one of the other brothers. "I don't want to get blown to bits."

"Shut up," snarled Ruff. "That's better than hangin'. Besides, we won't get blown up if we all act sharp. Now listen, carefully!"

"You can see what they're aiming to do. They'll shove that wagon off at the top of the hill and aim it for the barn doors. They expect maybe it'll crash plumb through the doors or at least, when it blows up, it won't be against a stone wall.

"Now you notice, they got a long fuse on that powder. Much too long for their plan. So we unlatch the doors. When that wagon's just about due to hit, we swing the doors open, let the wagon come in. Then I'll nip that fuse before the spark has a chance to get at that powder. It'll work out fine if we all keep our heads."

He watched silently for a moment. Then he said, "They've lit the fuse. They're shoving off. Here she comes—be ready!"

The wagon ground down the incline, carrying the big barrel with its sputtering fuse. At the last split second, the desperate Briggs brothers swung open the barn doors, timing the move perfectly as if it had been rehearsed. Ruff Briggs leaped on the wagon and snuffed out the fuse as he had planned.

But there was an explosive blast, nevertheless, followed by three others. Four surprised Briggs brothers howled in pain, dropping their guns as they clutched at wounded arms and shoulders.

SAM WELLINGTON had popped up from the empty gunpowder barrel with both guns blazing. He had taken the killers so completely by surprise that none of the brothers fired a shot.

"Come and get 'em, Sheriff!" cried Sam. "I've got a little other business to 'tend to in here. I've got to get in the stall and tell Black Dash that everything's going to be all right!"

THE END

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